THE

VICES OF THE TAVERN *DISSECTED;*

OR,

DRUNKENNESS LAID OPEN:

A POEM,

With copious Notes and Illustrations; in which the Author has attempted to prove, from the most indubitable evidence, both Ancient and Modern,

THAT THIS PERNICIOUS PRACTICE IS THE

FOUNDATION OF EVERY VICE,

AND THE

ORIGIN OF ALL THE CALAMITIES OF THIS LIFE.

WITH A

FRIENDLY ADVICE TO THOSE WHO KEEP PUBLIC-HOUSES,

Well worth their serious Attention—To which are added,

SOME REMARKS ON THE EXPEDIENCY OF SUPPRESSING THE SUPERNUMERARY

ALE-HOUSES, DRAM-SHOPS, PAWN-BROKERS, &c.

Awake then, ye drunkards, and weep; and howl, all ye drinkers of wine.—For while ye are drunken as drunkards, ye shall be devoured as stubble fully dry. JOEL i. 5. NAH. i. 10.

Oh! that men should put an enemy into their mouths, to steal away their brains. SHAKSPEARE.

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THE

VICES OF THE TAVERN DISSECTED;

OR,

DRUNKENNESS LAID OPEN.

A POEM.

AH! Drunkenness *, thou base tyrannic crime,
Which taints, O Britain! thy prolific clime;
What numbers brought to an untimely tomb,
Perhaps unfitted for the gen'ral doom!
Their offspring beggars, and their name forgot,—
Such often proves the JOLLY FELLOW'S lot;
Who swills his reason, health, and life away,
Who courts the night, and shuns the face of day!

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* Such as indulge in this base vice, however common, and even reputable with some it may be, are threatened in Scripture with the most awful effects of the Divine displeasure:—"Woe to the drunkards of Ephraim, whose glorious beauty is a fading flower; they shall be trodden under foot; for all tables are full of vomit and filthiness, so that there is no place clean,"—Isaiah xxviii. 1, 3, 8. It is expressly declared, that such shall not inherit the kingdom of heaven; and all Christians are prohibited from any intimacy or social intercourse with them. "I have written to you not to keep company, if any man that is called a brother be a drunkard, with such an one, no not to eat,"—1 Cor. v. 5, 11. "Know ye not that the unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God? Be not deceived; neither fornicators, nor adulterers, nor *drunkards*, shall inherit the kingdom of God;" *i. e.* without a change of heart and conduct,—1 Cor. xvi. 9, 10. "Awake then, ye drunkards, and weep; and howl, all ye drinkers of wine; for while ye are drunken

What numbers, high and low, their frames debase,
Debauch their powers, and Virtue's name erase!
What time, what wealth in taverns do they waste,
In foolish uproar, and in words unchaste!

The JOLLY FELLOW, in his merry mood,
May deem a flowing bowl his greatest good;
What madness, then, his merriment and wine,
More brutal far than ever-thirsty swine!
Tho' social glee or noisy mirth abound,
And tho' the sparkling glass oft goes its round,
The transient pleasure brings with it alloy;
To him who cares not for the sensual joy,
The quicker draughts the sooner do they cloy.

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as drunkards, ye shall be devoured as stubble fully dry,"—Joel i. 5. Nah. i. 10. How many have met their fate, like Amnon, whilst their hearts were "*merry with wine*," being cut off either by a violent death, or the immediate effects of their foul debauch! But tho' this should not be the case, a course of intoxication operates like slow poison, and will in time overpower the strongest constitution.

The wise man cautions his son against this vice, from the consideration of the present misery resulting from it; which merits the attention of all, but more especially of those who unhappily are not influenced by arguments drawn from its consequences in a future state. "Hear thou, my son, and be wise, and guide thine heart in the way. Be not amongst wine-bibbers, amongst riotous eaters of flesh; for the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty, and drowsiness shall cover a man with rags. Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions? Who hath babbling? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not thou at the wine when it is red, when it giveth its colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder,"—Proverbs, xxiii. 20, 21, 29, 30, 31, 32. Common prudence might lead those who have no rational prospect of happiness beyond the grave, to make the best of their present state; and, instead of forwarding their fate by acts

Slow poison mixes with the baneful glass,
The flash of wit and mirth doth quickly pass;
The flying moments will not mortals wait,—
Soon, soon will death knock at the drunkard's gate;
When, on a sudden, all his pleasures cease,
His cups no more can give a moment's ease;
To sober sadness wit and mirth shall turn,
And raging thirst for ever in him burn * !

INTOXICATION! with thy dreadful train,
Wisdom ne'er views thee but with deadly pain!
Thou bane of virtue, source of every pest,
By which ten thousands daily are deprest;
Domestic peace thy tyrant sway annoys,
And oft, alas! conjugal love destroys!
What frantic furies—an intemp'rate throng!
What noisy jargon blabs their fault'ring tongue!

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of intemperance and debauchery, to protract life as long as possible, by a due regard to all the virtues of self-government and moderation.

"We may say of *drunkenness*, that in most cases it is presumptuous; it is an excess which one can scarcely be surprised into, unless the liquor be mixed with some pernicious drug, with which he is utterly unacquainted; but this, I suppose, is a case that rarely happens It usually takes some time before a person be intoxicated; and drunkenness comes on by such regular advances, that one has sufficient opportunity to observe its approach, and to make his escape, if he is not otherwise determined."

* "If death was nothing, and nought after death;
"If when men died, at once they ceas'd to be,
"Returning to the barren womb of nothing,
"Whence first they sprung; then might the debauchee
"Untrembling mouth the heavens; then might the drunkard
"Reel over his full bowl, and when 'tis drain'd,
"Fill up another to the brim, and laugh
"At the poor bugbear death."—BLAIR.

While their debauch the latest hours invade,
And drunken songs resound in midnight's shade * !

INTOXICATION ! baleful is thy pow'r ;
Thy jaws, what myriads do they still devour !
Yet thousands tread upon thy hostile ground,
Who, tho' they 'scape, still feel a bitter wound.
This dire enchantress can our race transform,
And scarcely leave us with the human form.
Her plans, how fatal ! both the young and brave
Find in her potions an untimely grave.
Her victims, though by nature moulded strong,
Amongst their brethren do not tarry long !
What numbers, by her sway, have died young men,
Whose frames bespoke them threescore years and ten.

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* "I said of such laughter, it is mad; and of such mirth, what doeth it? for wisdom excelleth folly, as far as light excelleth darkness. The heart of fools is in the house of mirth. It is better to hear the rebukes of the wise, than to hear the song of fools; for as the *crackling of thorns under a pot*, so is the laughter of a fool,"—Eccl. ii. 2. 13.—vii. 4, 5, 6. This expressive metaphor paints, in the strongest colours, the noisy mirth of the sons of dissipation and folly, and its native fruits and effects; the smoke, darkness, and ashes, in which the sudden blaze and crackling noise of thorns issue, are highly descriptive of the inseparable consequences of a foul debauch and dissolute course. "One sinner destroyeth much good, and he saith to every one that he is a fool. A fool is full of words, and the lips of a fool will swallow up himself. The beginning of the words of his mouth is foolishness; and the end of his talk is mischievous madness,"—Eccl. ix. 18. x. 3. xiv. 12, 13. While carousing together, how often does religion and its professors become the song of the drunkard, and the subject of their pointed jest and ridicule! Yea, how often do they give loose reins to the corrupt sallies of a profane and impure heart, transgressing the laws of decency, and shooting the hostile darts of blasphemy against heaven! But let them not forget the admonition, "Be ye not mockers, lest your bands be made strong,"—Isa. xxviii. 22. They that

O deep disgrace of this our Christian isle!
Thy nauseous vomits do the land defile;
'Tis by thy means that Satan spreads his reign,
And peoples still his joyless dark domain.
Parent of ev'ry vice! prolific womb,
Whose hateful birth entails the direst doom;
Brings countless swarms to an untimely grave,
Whom Temp'rance might for future years still save.

Ah! vice degrading, with thy gloomy train!
Thy sway despotic does man's glory stain.
What tongue, what pen, can thy base arts expose,
The pregnant, baleful source of countless woes,
Which still deranges Nature's noblest plan,
And makes a Brute more sensible than Man!

Once to suppose, that man's sublimest good
Consists in drunken excess and rich food,
Would sure him level with the beasts that die,
And have no hope which can death's darts defy.
Can richest wines or costly fare procure
A pleasure, which for ever shall endure?
Can man, who glories in a heav'n-born mind,
Debase his frame below the grazing kind?

Can it be deem'd a manly, noble pleasure,
To quaff and swill, without e'er bound or measure,

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walk in the counsel of the ungodly, and stand in the way of sinners, will soon come, by a natural but fatal transition, to sit in the seat of the scornful, which is never found but in the environs of hell; and those who fill it are only a short distance from that region.—With too much justice may we address such, as the prophet of old did the wicked Jews: "Against whom do ye sport yourselves? Against whom do ye make a wide mouth, and draw out the tongue? Are ye not the children of transgression, a seed of falsehood, inflaming yourselves?"—Isa. lvii. 4, 5.

Till sense and reason both are quite forgot,
And give death access through the greedy throat?
Can such deserve of man a noble name?
Will the great Author of the human frame
Endure to view that frame abused so,
And sunk beneath the beasts?—Ah surely no!

Mean is the man, whose soul's still so enslav'd
To lusts and appetites the most deprav'd;
Who wastes his time, destroys his wealth and sense,
And bids adieu to peace and innocence.
Look round;—the most inferior creatures
Drink not but to refresh their natures;
This forms the bound and measure of their thirst,
For they are strangers to a baser lust.

Shall man, who boasts of his superior kind,
Besot and drown his nobler pow'rs of mind,
Degrade himself beneath the very beast,
And wound his soul, to please his sensual taste?
Behold! the drunkards stagger through each street;
Themselves debase, insulting all they meet;
They loudly curse, and then prepare to fight;—
How vile and shameful is the hateful sight!

Like Hell's grim fiends, they love the sullen gloom,
The silent watches of the night consume,
Amid th' unhallow'd revel, and the noise
Of foul debauch, till all their pow'rs it cloys.
Like them, they fly around in quest of prey,
And search each street and lane till break of day;
Attack, like furies, every one they find,
As the fierce tyger would assail the hind!—
Can such vile men expect a place on high,
Hope with the pure to dwell when once they die?

The lowest seat by far is too refin'd,
For hapless sinners of this beastly kind.
Should such the proffer'd mercy still refuse,
These very comforts they now so abuse,
Shall make the flames of Tophet fiercer burn,
When God them to the fiery lake shall turn:
To those a single drop will be denied,
Who, by their port, have wrath divine defied,
Once to refresh their tongue or lips when pain'd,
Because they have not from this vice refrain'd.

What hapless wretches must such men still be,
To feel a burning thirst, and never see
What can for once its scorching heat allay,
In whom this vice has gain'd insatiate sway!
Thro' years unspent they'll feel its dire controul,
Inflicting ceaseless tortures on the soul;
Yea, filling such with woe, remorse, and pain,
When her result shall prove a galling chain *.

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* It was the opinion of some of the wiser heathen, that the principal part of future punishment would arise from the tyrannical sway of those unruly lusts and passions which had acquired, in this state, the power of rooted habits in the soul, while the means of gratifying them are denied. This opinion is founded in reason, and agreeable to the dictates of revelation: though that punishment included no more, it is enough to make a rational being quite unhappy, and to fill his mind with horror at the prospect. At death, "he that is unjust will be unjust still, and he who is filthy shall be filthy still;" and it is said, "that the wicked is driven away in his wickedness."—Rev. xxii. 11. Prov. xiv. 32. This may import, not only that they die under the guilt of all their past transgressions, a heavy load indeed! but also that they are removed hence under the fatal power and dominion which iniquity had previously acquired in the heart. That vicious habits can harass and torment the disembodied spirit, may be inferred from their domineering sway in old debauched sinners: how often are such found to revolve in their polluted imaginations, with a kind of infernal

What though they now make merry o'er their bowls,
And cry for vengeance on their guilty souls?
The happiest of all men they wish to seem,
As if ETERNITY was but a dream!
O that they timely would such means employ,
To seek for rest and everlasting joy,

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pleasure, the scenes of dissipation through which they have passed in youth, though their bodies are now incapacitated by them! Yet it is more than probable, that these unmortified and unbridled lusts and passions, will exert their despotic power over the whole man after the resurrection. Add to this, the kind of society with which they are doomed to associate. Would those duly consider this, who now indulge in several vices till they acquire the power of inveterate habits, which, if not subdued by grace in this state, God will unalterably confirm in them at death; and eternity itself shall witness their despotic and woful reign! Thus their sins shall be written in their punishment; and the guilty and enslaved mind forced to brood perpetually over them. God is known by the judgements which he executes; for his judicial procedure is no less just than natural. What Solomon saith of the effects of wine and strong drink, when indulged in to excess, is equally verified with regard to every other vice, "At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder,"—Prov. xxiii. 32. How dearly bought the short polluted pleasures of sin, which entail such a dreadful reversion on the sinner! And may it not then be justly said, "This they shall have at the Lord's hand, they shall lie down in sorrow?" It is the same thing with regard to this vice, as with every other vicious habit; whence we may infer, that no more is necessary to make an intelligent being completely miserable, than to abandon him to the unbounded and tyrannizing power of them, without the most distant prospect of deliverance, or the least possibility of gratification. When men indulge and gratify their corrupt appetites, till they gain the ascendancy in the heart, in opposition to God, and every moral consideration, is it not just and equitable with him to make the object of their choice the means of their punishment? Would wicked men but duly consider, that while they gratify their vicious passions, they are not only treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath, but preparing instruments for their future and perpetual torment, they could not commit sin with such avidity, and remain so unconcerned about its consequences.

To 'scape the snare, and be prepar'd for heav'n,
While to repent both time and space are giv'n!

Of fancy's wayward mood, ah! strange extreme,
For meanest appetites of bliss to dream;
Whilst ev'ry source of chaste, refin'd delight,
Is marked with contumely, or with slight.
As sickly palates loathe most wholesome food,
Which would give strength and vigour to the blood;
So corrupt passions spurn each pure delight,
'Tis tainted draughts provoke their appetite.
In sparkling goblets, and in flowing bowls,
A deadly, though alluring potion rolls.
There serpents lurk, whose dire envenom'd sting
Will unto death the strongest man soon bring:
The fairest colours of the viper race
Cannot allure—with dread we flee their face;
Unhallow'd sweets the bitt'rest woes will bring,—
Learn then to shun whate'er has power to sting;
When guilty pleasures lure to their dread snare,
Th' infection flee,—of syren songs beware.

What are the joys which modish vice still boasts,
When all her pleasures haunted are with ghosts?
Nought sure can her most favourite vot'ries share,
But what the good disdain, and shun with care.

Do Aaron's sons come in here for a share?
Or are they temperate with pious care?
If fame lies not, great numbers of his race
To this base vice too frequently give place *.

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* God charges the ministers of religion more than once with this crime, which he threatens severely to punish them for; and is there not reason to fear that the ground of such a charge has not ceased?

Good-natur'd vices meet their tacit love,—
What monkish souls would social glee reprove?
May not a preacher be a good divine,
Yet take his glass, and sit late at the wine;

"They have also erred through wine, and through strong drink are out of the way; the priest and the prophet have also erred through strong drink, they are swallowed up of wine, they are out of the way through strong drink: they err in vision, they stumble in judgement;" it is immediately added, "for all tables are full of vomit and filthiness, so that there is no place clean,"—Isa. xxviii. 7, 8. Shocking as it may be to reflect on, there have not been wanting instances, in more modern times, wherein this vice has made its unhallowed approaches to the sacred altar; so that the transition from the Lord's table to that of devils has been both short and sudden!

Most commentators are of opinion, that Nadab and Abihu, the two sons of Aaron, were intoxicated with wine when they presumed to offer strange fire before the Lord, which he commanded them not, and were so signally punished for their presumption; because immediately on the back of that awful disaster he gave a strict charge to Aaron and his sons to abstain from the use of wine and strong drink when they associated in his sanctuary: "And the Lord spake unto Aaron, saying, Do not drink wine, nor strong drink, thou nor thy sons with thee, when ye go into the tabernacle of the congregation, lest ye die: it shall be a statute for ever throughout your generations; and that ye may put difference between holy and unholy, and between clean and unclean: and that ye may teach the children of Israel all the statutes which the Lord hath spoken unto them by the hands of Moses,"—Levit. x. 8. 11. Though that ritual is abolished, the reasons of this prohibition still exist.

The apostle, describing the necessary qualifications of a bishop, or overseer in the church of God, tells us, among other things, that "he must be sober, not given to wine;" and our Lord gives it as a part of the character of the unfaithful servant, on whom he pronounces an awful doom, if he indulges in this vice and its concomitants; "but if that servant say in his heart, My Lord delayeth his coming, and shall begin to beat the men-servants and the maidens, and to eat and to drink, and to be drunken, the lord of that servant

Be a good jovial fellow, full of glee,
Yet, need requiring, a strict devotee?
May he not sing a mercy catch, and tell
His tale with humour, and the laugh compel,
Set all the table in a wild uproar,
Yet, at the altar, all devout, adore?

In social mirth the soul of friendship lies,
The pious drudge such recreation flies.
A taste refin'd secures the great's applause,
(Who hate the rigid to their Maker's laws).
In their dull presence they can't swear or jest,
By the grave clerk such freedoms are repress'd.
With such, a parson ne'er can brighter shine,
Than when most merry o'er a pot of wine,
When his own office is kept out of sight,
Whilst he associates with the great by night;
To feel, to think, and act, alike commends,
And knits the hearts of sensual pleasure's friends.

Would not a Christian's heart recoil to hear
A *priest*, thrice-bound his Maker to revere,
Profane his name, and vilely curse and swear? *

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will come in a day when he looketh not for him, and at an hour when he is not aware, and will cut him asunder, *or cut him off*, and will appoint him his portion with the unbelievers."—1 Tim. iii. 2, 3. Luke xii. 45, 46. O that all invested with the sacred office would lay these things to heart, that they may keep at the utmost distance from every temptation to this ruinous sin!

* Shocking as it may be to a serious, pious mind, there have not been, nor are still wanting, instances of persons in the clerical line, who can swear in common conversation with as little ceremony as any soldier who serves his Majesty! "Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon, lest the daughter of the uncircumcised triumph." These ministers of Satan, these ravening wolves,

Yet wretches of this sort have oft been found
T' intrude on Zion, and pollute her ground.
May Heaven avert their dread impending fate,
And give repentance, ere it prove too late!

If odious is this vice in the male race,
In woman-kind—indelible disgrace!
If its base sway doth even man defile,
It makes a woman beyond measure vile;
Yet both are found in this enlighten'd land,
Who yield unto her dread tyrannic band;
Her wretched victims we too often trace
Amongst the fair, who boast superior grace.

Compassion's tear o'er these, O Britons, shed!
Exert each nerve to rear their sinking head;
To guard your offspring from this dreadful vice,
By ev'ry wise, commendable device;
Prevent their present and their future doom,
While for such offices there yet is room.

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give not themselves the trouble to appear in sheeps' clothing, in order to pass with others for what they really are not: for they bear their mark on their foreheads, signifying whose they are, and whom they serve, so that he who runs may know and read it, Such, indeed, are none of the spots of God's children.

REMARKS

ON

DRUNKENNESS.

In the following Remarks, after taking a general view of the subject, I have considered a few of its effects, in a moral point of view; and in the first place, attempted to shew its injurious effects on the natural constitution; secondly, as it affects the character in the eyes of the world; thirdly, as it affects a man in regard to his trade; fourthly, as a father and a husband; fifthly, in regard to his neighbour; sixthly, as it affects its votaries as members of the community; and, lastly, addressed a few words to the labourer and mechanic, in hopes to induce them to forego the riots of the tavern, and live a life of virtue and sobriety.

Cyrus, when a youth, at the court of his grandfather Cambyses, undertook for one day to perform the office of cup-bearer: he delivered the cup gracefully, but omitted the usual custom of first tasting it himself. The king reminded him of it, supposing he had forgotten: "No, Sir," replied Cyrus, "but I was afraid there might be poison in it, for I have observed the lords of your court, after drinking, become noisy, quarrelsome, and frantic; and that even you, Sir, seemed to have forgotten you was a king." "Does not the same thing happen to your father?" "Never!" answered Cyrus. —"How then?"—"Why, when he has taken what

wine he chooses, he is no longer thirsty—that is all."—What an example did this royal youth show succeeding ages! but how seldom is his resolution imitated! Happy the man who shall live in those days, in which the practice of excessive drinking shall be universally laid aside and detested. At present we can scarcely name a vice more common, or that is carried to a more alarming height; it prevails in the city, in the town, in the village, in the hamlet; among gentlemen who ought to blush for its vulgarity, and among labourers who can ill bear the expence. Are there not intemperate young men, intemperate old men, intemperate parents, intemperate professors of religion, intemperate preachers of the gospel? Oh! could we view the scenes which intemperance creates in the ale-house, the tavern, and the festive parlour, what grief, what indignation would stir within us! "*There is woe, there is sorrow, there is contention, there is babbling, there is redness of eyes, there is wounds without cause.*" To mark exactly the line which separates sobriety from excess, is not easy; while a man preserves his eye and understanding clear, while he speaks without faultering, while his passions are undisturbed, and his step firm, who shall accuse him? Yet, with all these favourable appearances, he may be guilty: there may be excess where there is no discovery of it. The temperate man abhors the former as much as he dreads the latter: to him conscience is a better guide than a thousand rules. Every one knows when he has quenched his thirst, diluted his food, refreshed his spirits; and what does he want more?

There are two sorts of intemperate persons; Some are flushed with liquor, or, it may be, drowned in riot, although not often: others exceed more frequently, but the symptoms are not so visible and gross.—The first plead their general sobriety, the last challenge you to mention a single instance of brutal excess. They

are both deceived, they are both slaves of appetite—the difference between them must be sought for, in their palates, in the measure of their prudence, in any thing rather than in their principles. Such difference, we may easily suppose, will in many cases subside; and we shall see the same man reel through life, the constant tippler, and the downright drunkard.—Let him that would guard against all approaches of this habit, consider the evils which attend it. Drunkenness is a direct violation of the laws of his Maker, as it degrades a man from being that reasonable creature his Creator has made him; for it deprives him of his natural senses, and renders him inferior to the brute creation. By drunkenness, a man renders himself incapable of holding intercourse either with God or man; and the Almighty, to mark his abhorrence of it, has expressly declared, that "*no drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven;*" but as this part of its consequences are pointedly alluded to in the poem, and the notes subjoined, I shall content myself, on this part of the subject, with attempting to describe a few of the effects, which are its general concomitants, in a moral point of view. In the *first* place, I shall consider it as it affects the natural constitution. As a proof that drunkenness is not instituted by nature for the human body, we see its votaries, in general, cut off before they 'sit out half their time.' A common course of inebriety very soon undermines the strongest and most robust constitutions; for those who make themselves "*a thoroughfare for wine and strong drink,*" throw off all restraint in governing their vicious appetites; instead of observing a regular regimen in eating and drinking, and taking their "appointed sleep in due season," as is required by nature, their victuals become loathsome to their depraved palates, and, after having spent the night, (that is ap-

pointed by God for all his creatures to repose in rest and silence), in the alehouse or tavern, amidst the fumes of tobacco, and the noisy revels of their debauched companions, hearing and singing the "*song of the drunkard,*" and making light of every thing that is either sacred or praise-worthy, perhaps they make a shift to stagger home about three or four in the morning; if they cannot accomplish so desirable an object themselves, (which is often the case), they must be indebted to some of those harpies who generally attend these sinks of noise and confusion, who seldom fail to make the most of their prey. But it is well if all end here, for we often see and hear of more fatal consequences resulting from the excesses of a tavern. What disputes and contentions do they not fall into! what quarrellings, &c. Is it any uncommon thing to see the votaries of Bacchus with a black eye or a broken nose? or to hear of their being plundered of their last shilling by a set of sharpers, who make it their business to go prowling about in search of such midnight adventurers? After their nocturnal revels, they are frequently inveigled by a set of prostitutes, if they do not of themselves (after having left *their brains* at a public-house) go to a brothel, which I am afraid is too often the case, where, amidst those infernal strumpets, who contaminate the air with their pollutions, they contract disorders which either bring them to a premature death, or entail misery and wretchedness on their unoffending wives and children, who are made innocent victims and miserable examples of their father's folly and indiscretion all the days of their lives. Unto these causes may be traced most of those dreadful disorders, commonly called hereditary; but still more fatal consequences arise to their own persons, being unable to perform the animal functions. How many of these miserable creatures are sent into the awful presence of their Maker *reeling*

drunk? Have we not too many fatal examples of this sort, both within the circle of our own observation, and in the intelligence conveyed to us through the medium of the public papers? Indeed, they are so common, that there is scarcely a day passes over without such disasters occuring in one place or another. But if none of those fatal events should be the immediate effects of drunkenness, a night devoted to the "jolly god" produces a morning of languor and sickness, and what was the poison before, now becomes the cure; for instead of relishing their natural food for a morning's repast, they must return, "like the dog to his vomit, and the sow to her wallowing in the mire," to the shrine at which they had sacrificed so profusely the night before, where they probably meet some of their fellow-worshippers, who congratulate them on their being *d——d drunk* last night; and insist, in the language of the fraternity, on their *paying off;*—this produces a retort of the charge, which concludes (at present) with a stock being laid in, which unfits them from paying that attention to their concerns, which their families and avocations in life require from them during the rest of the day, and ends with the total deprivation of all their faculties at night.

This mode of spending their time in idleness and debauchery, as I have said before, soon undermines the most healthy constitutions; and we soon perceive the effects it produces on the bodies of these abusers of God's creatures, (from their pouring out such liberal libations to their favourite deity), by their blotched faces, hollow eyes, and palsied limbs, which now begin to fail performing their functions. The poor victims of their own folly are brought down to the grave with sorrow to themselves, and contempt from the sober part of mankind, who look upon such characters as being the worst of all suicides, of whom the poet says,

"The common damn'd shun their society,
"And look upon themselves as fiends less foul."---BLAIR.

But before they leave this theatre of their folly and madness, their minds, as well as their bodies, are rendered incapable of performing those rational powers, which are requisite for them to discharge in their intercourse with the world.——This leads me, in the *second* place, to consider drunkenness as it affects the character of a man in the eyes of those people his line of life may lead him to be connected with. A good character is so essentially necessary to our advancement or respectability, in whatever sphere of life we may be placed, that it should not only be unblemished, but, like Cæsar's wife, unsuspected.

Lord Chesterfield says, that "even Colonel Charteris, who was the most blasted rascal in the world, and who by all sorts of crimes amassed immense wealth, was once heard to say, that although he would not give one farthing for virtue, he would give ten thousand pounds for a character, because he should make a hundred thousand by it." Is it possible, then, that a man of an honest disposition should throw away, for the gratification of a sensual and depraved passion, what a wise rogue would have given so much to obtain? Every one that has had the least intercourse with the world knows, that before we place our confidence or property in any man, we generally make some inquiries concerning his moral character: if we want a servant in any capacity, from the confidential secretary down to the scullion, after having ascertained his qualifications for the office, if he does not satisfy us, upon making this inquiry at the last place of his servitude, "Is he a steady man?" it seldom happens that such an one procures employment; or if, after particular intercession by his friends, we take him into our service, it requires a long series of faithful ac-

tions, before he can entirely obliterate the prejudices his former failings had excited.

How many are there, who not having these fortuitous circumstances in their favour, after losing their situations and their characters together, have not had it in their power to redeem the misfortune! How many fathers and mothers have been brought to an untimely grave, or spent the remainder of their lives in lamenting the circumstances that cast a cloud over their beloved sons' future progress through life! who perhaps, after trying every lawful expedient to redeem their lost character to no purpose, have often had recourse to measures so derogatory to the well-being of society, that they have brought upon themselves the vengeance of their country, and forfeited their lives to its offended laws, at a time when their relatives, instead of being a disgrace, had every reason to expect they would have conferred an honour upon them.

If, on the other hand, a man should go into business, it does not signify what profession he follows, his character is the principal foundation on which he must build his future hopes.—And this brings me, in the *third* place, to consider inebriety as it affects him in regard to his trade. Let me here observe, that when a man first enters into the world upon his own account, he has the utmost need to be upon his guard; for, I believe, it is a "received maxim," that where there is an opposition in trade, there is generally a little envy, which often shows itself in its utmost malignancy, by magnifying any little impropriety observable in the young beginner's conduct; and, by slanderous imputations, has the effect of injuring his credit, and blasting his honour; the ears of a creditor (or perhaps those of a mistress) are ever scrupulously attentive to the least insinuation, tending to detract from the honour of the lover or the credit of the tradesman. I shall take the liberty, in

this place, to hint at a most infamous set of characters, who are to be found in almost every town and village, and with whom I have had the misfortune to be too much acquainted;—they are a sort of fiends who flatter in order to throw you off your guard, and then stab you in the most vital part;—they will ingratiate themselves into your confidence; and as they know the enjoyment of the bottle has the greatest influence in opening a man's mind, they can never spend their evenings without you: by these means, while your imagination is heated, they are extracting your most secret thoughts, (looking upon them as your best friends), whilst you are paving the way for your own destruction, and giving your enemies those advantages which they had long sought to obtain.

If you want friends, do not go to the public-house to search for them: whatever they promise at night they generally forget in the morning, and only keep you in countenance because you can pay your own reckoning; or, if you are so foolish as to pay theirs also, this way would procure you many friends: but they would not stand the *fiery ordeal* they are preparing for you.—Oh! let me advise you, before it is too late, to beware of them, *and go not with them*, but rather follow Dr Franklin's advice, who says, "Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee;" and again, "Let not thy voice be heard in the tavern, but let the sound of thy hammer be heard on thy anvil from six in the morning till nine at night, and thy creditors will want their money six months longer." This observation may be applied to any situation in trade, whether it be the industrious mechanic, the ingenious manufacturer, or the speculative merchant. Sobriety (with a diligent and earnest application to the duties of our profession) is the sure criterion whereby a man is allowed to have a fair chance of becoming eminent in the line of life he has chosen,

whether as a tradesman, whether in a naval or military capacity, whether in church or state, from the prime minister to the cobler in his stall; take them all in their different gradations and vocations, and there is not one of them who will better his situation by the least indulgence in the *vices of the tavern.*

Alas! how many are there, who, when they first set out in their career, and begin to travel as men of business, could resort to the fair or market, and enjoy an unblemished character; but now they are become quarrelsome and vulgar, debauched and callous,—"now they lie as on the top of a mast, while the winds and the billows roar around them," threatening shipwreck to all their present enjoyments and future prospects, in being "useful in their day and generation," and cannot be awakened from the infatuating delirium, until their creditors throw them into a loathsome jail. But I shall say something of this hereafter, and, in the *fourth* place, consider the drunkard as a husband and a father; and, although I have hinted at this subject before, I hope the following remarks will not be deemed impertinent.—

"His wife! merciful God, what sins have her fathers committed? What crime has the wretched woman been guilty of, to merit a punishment so terribly severe? Go to the drunkard's residence,—what injustice, what barbarity, what wretchedness, are exhibited there! Imagine the offender to be poor, and you complete the picture. He who should be the counsellor and ornament of his family, becomes its tempter, its trouble, its reproach.—His wife and children, when alone, enjoy a short respite, and look cheerful; he returns, they tremble and are again distracted; he has spent their money, quarrelled, and met with mischief; sometimes he forgets it, and then he disgusts them with his buffoonery and nonsense—more frequently he remembers it, and then he wreaks upon

them the spite and fury collected and inflamed amidst a drunken crew, and they must be stunned with his stupid uproar, and weather the tempest of his blasphemy, —they must be sickened by the approach of his loathsome person; and, by his prodigality, must appear half naked, and live half starved.

"But I am sorry to say, that intemperance is not confined to men—there are women, who, by adding drunkenness to thirst, supply a spectacle still more hideous and mortifying. We have beheld mothers staggering with infants in their arms, and we have heard that, in situations of comfort and affluence too, this degrading practice obtains to a wide extent. Should any of our female readers, by the pressure of grief, or by the perpetual occurrence of opportunity, be tempted to indulge in this infernal practice, we intreat them, by every thing that is important in reputation, by the loveliness which they would sacrifice, and by the horrors which they would inspire;—we intreat them to start from the rising purpose, and thus to preserve a character both unsullied and unsuspected."

I shall now, in the *fifth* place, consider this abominable practice, as it affects our neighbour.—Excessive drinking may be considered as contagious, one drunkard may make many—he is what the world generally terms a jolly or social fellow,—he secures a companion of the same stamp; they meet, and are joined first by one and then by another; the circle enlarges, and they call for the flowing bowl; their spirits are elevated, and they raise them still higher with songs and jokes, and the "loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind;" all having a tendency in their nature to overcome the scruples of any as to the propriety of such conduct. They persuade the unthinking it is happiness, tell the young it is manly, allure the frugal by treating them, and, when they part, swear they shall meet again.

Each of these influences some other connection: if the husband drinks abroad, his wife may take the same liberty at home; and the son asks, What harm is there in doing as my parents do? Thus the disease infects neighbours and relatives, and who can say where it will stop? Let him who spreads the contagion, remember he is responsible for all its consequences.

"Although the waste of time and money," as Dr Paley observes, "be of no object to you, it may be of the utmost importance to some one or other whom your society may corrupt; repeated or long-continued excess, though it hurt not your health, may prove fatal to your neighbour. Although you have neither wife nor child to lament your absence from home, or expect your return with terror, other families whose husbands or fathers have been invited to share your inebriety, or encouraged to imitate it, may possibly lay their ruin or misery at your door." But the evil does not end here: if you, (or any of your associates, who have been corrupted by your example or advice), be men in the way of trade, and perhaps that trade is carried on by the credit afforded by the unsuspecting confidence some persons place in your punctuality and honour, and who have not an opportunity of witnessing your irregularities; alas! when the day of payment arrives, instead of the money (arising from industry), being in readiness, it has been squandered away in a manner which, so far from giving any solid satisfaction, has been the very means of making you neglect those affairs, which would have made your minds easy at the time your creditors' bills became due, and been the means of enabling you to establish your reputation with those people you had formed connections with, who were, perhaps, flattering themselves with the idea of being enabled to appear in an honourable point of view, and to support themselves with credit in their line of life: your

improper conduct not only involves them in difficulties, but entails wretchedness upon all you or they may be connected with.—Are your hearts so callous as not to feel for those innocent victims, your wives and children? Think of the devastation and ruin you have occasioned them, as well as the families of those persons you have been the means of ruining, and refrain from this horrid infatuation.

Where will you look for comfort, when the dreadful day of retribution overtakes you? (and that it will, sooner or later, there is no doubt:) Will your late associates, the companions of your revels, administer to your necessities, and console and sympathise with you in your distress! They that a short time back laughed the loudest at your ready wit and facetious stories, who flattered you that you was the cleverest and best of men, and promised they would do any thing to serve you, I am afraid, will now appear as "old friends with new faces;" and that, instead of proffering their services as before, they will shun your company, and perhaps be the loudest in declaiming against you; while those with whom you have spent all your money, and who have fattened at your expence, will shut their doors upon you; and, instead of extolling your wit and humour, brand you with the vile epithet of drunken blackguard! What then must be your feelings, but those of darkness and despair, if you are committed to a jail, or your innocent family to beggary or a work-house? This idea of the innocent suffering for the guilty, and the evils that are scattered abroad by the misconduct of individuals, in bringing calamities on those in any way connected with them, might be followed to an infinite length; but I shall content myself with observing, that were all the bankruptcies, with their corresponding calamities, properly inquired into, it would be found that nine-tenths of them have their foundation in the tavern; for although the individual himself has not been guilty of any

of these enormities, yet those he may have been connected with, and to whom he has trusted his property, have squandered it in the manner above described. I, therefore, affirm it as my opinion, that the inhabitants of the workhouses, and parish paupers, will bear a similar proportion to the same cause; likewise the criminal who makes his exit on the gallows, with the poor captive that is doomed to spend his days in confinement or servitude, owe their misfortunes to "*those infernal mansions, where the demons of poverty and disease issue forth like a strong man armed, to desolate the streets of the city, or the cottages of the hamlet.*"

I shall now, in the *sixth* and last place, consider a drunkard as a member of the community. I have no doubt that it will be readily allowed, that every man and woman are destined, by Providence, to discharge the duties that are required of them, in whatever sphere of life they may be placed in, whether as kings to govern, or subjects to obey. The magistrate who has the executing of the laws as his province; the brave general or admiral to command; or the meanest soldier or sailor to serve; take all these different ranks of society, in their various degrees and gradations, as connected with each other; and as long as the several members discharge the offices allotted to them, they fulfil the end for which they were originally designed. But I would ask any reasonable man, if a *drunkard* is capable of fulfilling the duties which may be allotted to him? If you answer in the negative, and certainly you must, it will follow, that drunkenness is the greatest evil that ever visited a nation, or any individual: and I am very much mistaken if it does not abound more in this kingdom than in any other. If this be the case, and the evil of such infinite magnitude, it is certainly high time that some effectual means were devised to check its further progress.

The magistrates, it is true, have it in their power to punish delinquents; but they are able to inform you of the folly of those laws which punish crimes, instead of preventing them; that legal authority has little influence when opposed to the madness of multitudes intoxicated with spirits; and that the voice of justice is very little regarded amidst riot and drunkenness.

If to this source, as I have before observed, can be traced all the bankruptcies, robberies, outrages, &c. that afflict and disgrace the country, and bring ruin upon so many families and individuals, it is high time that some mode was resorted to, in order to put a stop to its ravages.—This crime, with its attendants, have been the occasion of bringing ruin on all the great nations that we read of as being the most renowned in antiquity; and as this vice at present seems to be gaining ground, I think it would have a great tendency to check its growth, instead of looking upon it with apathy and unconcern, to brand it with a greater stigma and abhorrence. Let the rulers of the nation, and every well-wisher to humanity, use every effort to set limits to its ravages; let them shut up the supernumerary ale-houses and dram-shops, abolish the trade of pawnbrokers, those leeches that suck the blood, and hold out such temptations to the lower classes, and make the constables more active in bringing offenders to justice. If any one objects, and says, that this would hurt the revenue, encroach on the liberty of the subject, and throw many out of employment who gain their livelihood by these means; the last argument will fall to the ground, if we allow that the laws were not made to benefit a few, but for the good of the whole.—The Sovereign who sits at the head of a sober and virtuous people, and who cultivates virtue, will never permit his minister to stand in need of the fruits of vice to carry him through the fatigues and expences of the state; and the parliament will exert their wisdom and

justice in suppressing every privilege of the subject, which is found to encroach upon or injure their constituents.

Should it then appear, that although drunkenness may benefit a few, (who make it their business to scatter poverty and disease among the unthinking), it is the great promoter of irreligion and immorality, it demands the serious attention of every person to endeavour to set limits to its ravages.

I shall now address a few words to the labourer and mechanic, who have to earn their subsistence by the work of their hands.—Drunkenness is the parent of idleness; he that is overburthened with liquor is too feeble and too stupid to follow his employment. Idleness is the parent of poverty; the drunkard's family must, therefore, be soon distressed, and his substance reduced to nothing. Poverty brought on by such means makes him susceptible of bad advice: before he tasted this infatuating liquor, he contributed, every day, by honest industry, to the happiness or convenience of life, supported his family in decent plenty, and enjoyed himself at his ease; but, following a course of intoxication, he becomes at once miserable and wicked, associates with thieves and murderers, is detested as a nuisance by the community, and hunted by justice until he is run down at the gallows! What has the virtuous man to do at the public-house, originally instituted for the accommodation of the weary traveller, or for the occasional transaction of business, but is now become a pest to society! It would be well if there was written upon nineteen out of twenty of them, A HOUSE TO LET.

The psalmist David says, that "he never saw the good man come to want, or his children beggars;" and the apostle observes, hat "he that does not provide for his own household, is worse than an infidel." I believe David's observation, in a general sense, will hold good

in the present day.——With the sincerest wishes that my labour has not been altogether in vain, and that my readers will look upon whatever I may have said amiss, or foreign to the subject, with a spirit of lenity, and in hopes that some of them may be benefited by the perusal, I conclude with observing, that a man that gives himself up to this vice, is never at peace with himself or the world, till he has rendered himself incapable of enjoying either. The beauties of heaven and earth are lost to him; nature, in her gayest moments, has no charms for him; every season is alike. The light of the sun is painful to his sight. He glories in night and darkness, and despises every consideration, detached from his favourite emp'oyment; he is in a continual fever, yet dreads its removal; his brains boil for ever; his blood is in a continual ferment, and his bowels are burnt to a cinder. All domestic concerns are a burden and a grievance to him; nor has he a thought but tends to procure a fresh supply of his beloved poison, or to contrive a new method this day, of becoming a greater brute, if possible, than he was the former.

The following striking Observations on this Subject,

ARE COPIED FROM TWO WELL-KNOWN PERFORMANCES *.

"No vices are so incurable as those which men are apt to glory in—one would wonder how drunkenness should have the good luck to be of the number. But however highly the tribe of *drunkards* may think of themselves, a drunken man is a greater monster than any that is to be found among all the creatures which

* Spectator, vol. 3. No. 389.—Tatler, vol. 4. No. 281.

God has made; as, indeed, there is no character which appears more despicable and deformed in the eyes of reasonable persons, than that of a drunkard. Bonosus, one of our countrymen, who was addicted to this vice, having set up for a share in the Roman Empire, and being defeated in a great battle, hanged himself. When he was seen by the army in this melancholy situation, notwithstanding he had behaved himself very bravely, the common jest was, that the thing they saw hanging upon the tree before them, was not a man, but a *bottle*.

"This vice has very fatal effects on the mind, the body, and fortune of the person who is devoted to it. In regard to the mind, it first of all discovers every flaw in it; the sober man, by the strength of reason, may keep under every vice and folly to which he is inclined; but wine makes every latent seed sprout up in the soul, and shew itself; it gives fury to the passions, and force to those objects which are apt to produce or excite them; it heightens indifference into love, love into jealousy, and jealousy into madness. It often turns the good-natured man into an idiot, and the choleric into an assassin; it gives bitterness to resentment, and makes vanity insupportable, and displays every little spot of the soul in its utmost deformity.

"Nor does this vice only betray the hidden faults of a man, and shew them in their most odious colours, but often occasions faults to which he is not naturally subject. There is more of turn than of truth in a saying of *Seneca*, that 'drunkenness does not produce, but discover faults.'—Common experience teaches the contrary; wine throws a man out of himself, and infuses qualities into the mind, to which she is a stranger in her sober moments. The person you converse with, after the third bottle, is not the same man who at first sat down at the table with you. Upon this maxim is founded one of the prettiest sayings I ever met with, which is ascribed

to Publius Cyrus,—*Qui ebrium ludificat, lædit absentem* *. Thus does drunkenness act in direct contradiction to reason. But besides the ill effects which this vice produces in the person who is actually under its dominion, it has also a bad influence on the mind even in its sober moments, as it insensibly weakens the understanding, impairs the memory, and makes those faults habitual which are produced by frequent excesses.

"It is very common, that events arise from a debauch which are fatal, and always are disagreeable; who then would trust himself to the power of wine, without saying more against it than that it raises the imagination, and depresses the judgement? Were this all that could be objected, it is sufficient to make us abhor the vice.—But we may say, that as he who drinks but little is not master of himself, so he who drinks much is a slave to himself. As for my part, I ever esteemed a drunkard, of all vicious persons the most vicious. If a man considers, that he cannot under the oppression of drink be a friend, a gentleman, a master, or a subject; that he has so long banished himself from all that is dear, and given up all that is sacred to him, he would even then think of a debauch with horror: but when he looks a little farther, and acknowledges that he is not only expelled from the relations of life, but also liable to offend against them all, what words can express the terror and detestation he would have of such a condition! and yet he owns all this of himself, who says he was drunk last night.

"As I have stated that all vicious persons are in a state of death, so I think I may add of drunkards, that they die by their own hands. He is certainly as guilty of suicide who perishes by a slow, as he that is dispatched by an immediate poison. Most of the self-murderers whom I have hinted at, are such as preserve a certain

* He who jests upon a man that is drunk, injures the absent.

regularity in taking their poisons, and mixing them pretty well with their food; but the most conspicuous of those who destroy themselves, are such as fall into debaucheries in their youth, and contract an uneasiness of spirit, which is not to be diverted but by tippling as often as they can fall into company in the day, and conclude with downright drunkenness at night. These gentlemen never know the satisfaction of youth, being decrepit soon after they are of age. I was godfather to one of these old fellows. He is now three-and-thirty, which is the grand climatrix of a young drunkard.'

"But as our faults are double when they affect others besides ourselves, so this vice is still more odious in a married than in a single man. He that is the husband of a woman of honour, and comes home overloaded with wine, is still more contemptible, in proportion to the regard we have to the unhappy consort of his bestiality. The imagination cannot shape to itself any thing more monstrous and unnatural than the familiarities between drunkenness and chastity: the reflection of such a match is what puts this vice in the worst figure it can bear with regard to others; but when it is looked upon with respect only to the drunkard himself, it has deformities enough to make it disagreeable, which may be summed up in a word, by allowing, that "he who resigns his reason, is actually guilty of all that he is liable to from the want of reason!"

Such are the remarks of two judicious writers respecting this base vice.——But as those who administer strong drink to others till they are intoxicated, become partakers of their sin; and as many procure a subsistence by vending spirituous liquors, and are consequently in no small danger from this temptation, for the love of gain, I make free to subjoin a few extracts from a paper on this subject, which has lately fallen into my hands.

Friendly Advice to those who keep Public-Houses,

WHICH, INDEED, MERITS THEIR SERIOUS ATTENTION.

THE word of God expressly commands us, *not to be partakers of other men's sins*, 1 Tim. v. 22. And it denounceth a heavy woe against such in particular as are any way accessory to intoxicating their neighbour with liquor, saying, "*Woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink; that putteth his bottle to him, and maketh him drunken.*"—Hab. ii. 15. As you sell liquors, you are consequently exposed to the temptation of suffering your guests to drink to excess. This, however, you can prevent, by peremptorily refusing to give them more than will suffice for moderate refreshment; and this you should do, if you have the smallest concern for *their* souls, or *your own*. But if you have a greater respect to the acquisition of a little sordid lucre than to the laws of God, and the welfare of your fellow-creatures, know that, in such a case, you will be answerable to the Judge of all the earth for the consequences.

Think not that it will, in any degree, alleviate the heinousness of your conduct to plead, "that your guests *tease* you for liquor." Would a similar plea be admitted as any justification of an apothecary, who would be mad and mercenary enough to sell his neighbour *rank poison?* Liquors, taken to excess, are in all cases a slow but sure poison; and, in some instances, they operate as rapidly as a dose of arsenic. They poison the constitution of the most healthy and robust; they poison the *reasoning faculty*, so as to convert a rational creature into a brute; and they communicate their poisonous influence to the immortal soul. And will you suffer your

fellow-creatures thus to poison yourselves by intemperance in your house; and that, too, in open defiance both of the laws of God and man? Where is charity? where is common humanity?

Consider farther, while the intoxicated guests are carousing at your tables, and filling the house with the horrid oaths and execrable "*songs of the drunkard,*" perhaps their poor children at home are crying for a morsel of bread; while it administers the bitterness of affliction to the distressed mother, to reflect that you are pocketing the laborious earnings of the preceding week, with which she might have satisfied the cravings of her almost famished offspring. And what a melancholy figure does the poor intoxicated creature make upon his return to his family! He entered your house a rational creature;—you send him home at once bereft of his *reason* and his *money.* Or if your liquor has not totally stupified him into a brute, it has perhaps worked him up into the phrenzy of a madman, and dispatched him to his miserable family, storming and blaspheming like an incarnate fiend, ready to revenge the slightest injury even unto death, and ripe for the commission of every other enormity connected with drunkenness.—Thus the liquor drunk in a public-house has often "*clothed a man with rags,*" brought his family to *ruin,* and himself to *shame;* produced murder; led to the *gallows,* and at last to *hell* itself!

And will ye not lay these things to heart, ye that keep public-houses! Is it a light matter with you to be instrumental in breaking up your neighbour's *family,* but you must lend a helping hand to the destruction of his *body* and *soul* too! You may urge some apologies for your conduct; but the living God will not take one of them at your hand: for though the drunkard himself will be inexcusable, yet it is no less certain, that as you *made him drunk,* by drawing him more liquor than your

conscience told you was necessary, his drunkenness, with all the mischief attendant upon it, will be laid at your door; and if you tolerate such excesses on the Lord's day, you add *sin to sin*, and make your guilt double.

Conclusion.

Excessive drinking is a habit soon formed,---rapid in its growth, and hard to root up. At first a man drinks for refreshment; he then takes a larger draught for pleasure; he still adds a little and a little, till he can never leave his cups, without taking a little too much. His appetite increases as it is indulged; the quantity which once intoxicated, does now but just cheer him; he feels a craving—he removes it by excess—he craves again—and becomes miserable if he does not again receive an extravagant supply. Thus he degenerates into the finished sot, and then, whatever intervals of remorse disturb him—whatever tears flow—whatever promises and vows are uttered, he generally relapses—grows worse and worse, and dies!

It may be easy, O young man! to refrain in these thy sober days; but intemperance, when perfected into a habit, defies the powers of a warning voice, and would in every instance lead us to withdraw our counsels in despair, but that we recollect a dying thief has been converted.—With God all things are possible—God is able of stones to raise up children to Abraham.

FINIS.